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In the Redwoods

by

Fannie de C. Miller.



IN THE REDWOODS.

BY

FANNIE DE C. MILLER.

//

READ BEFORE S. F. SOROSIS,

REDWOOD DAY,

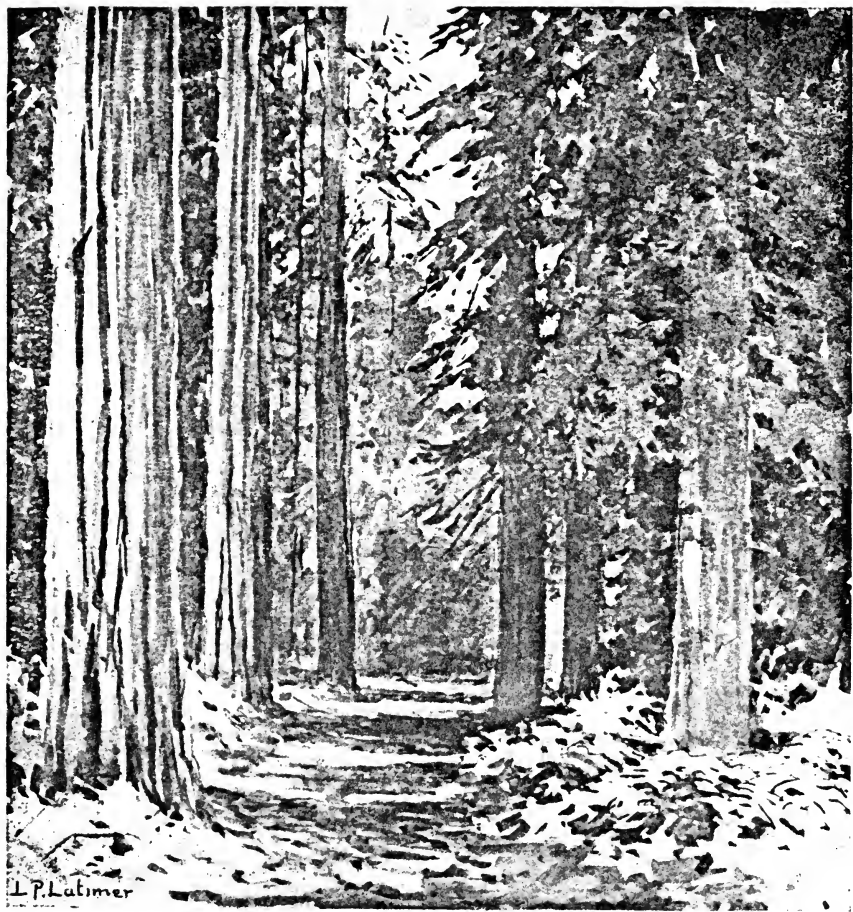
APRIL 1, 1895.

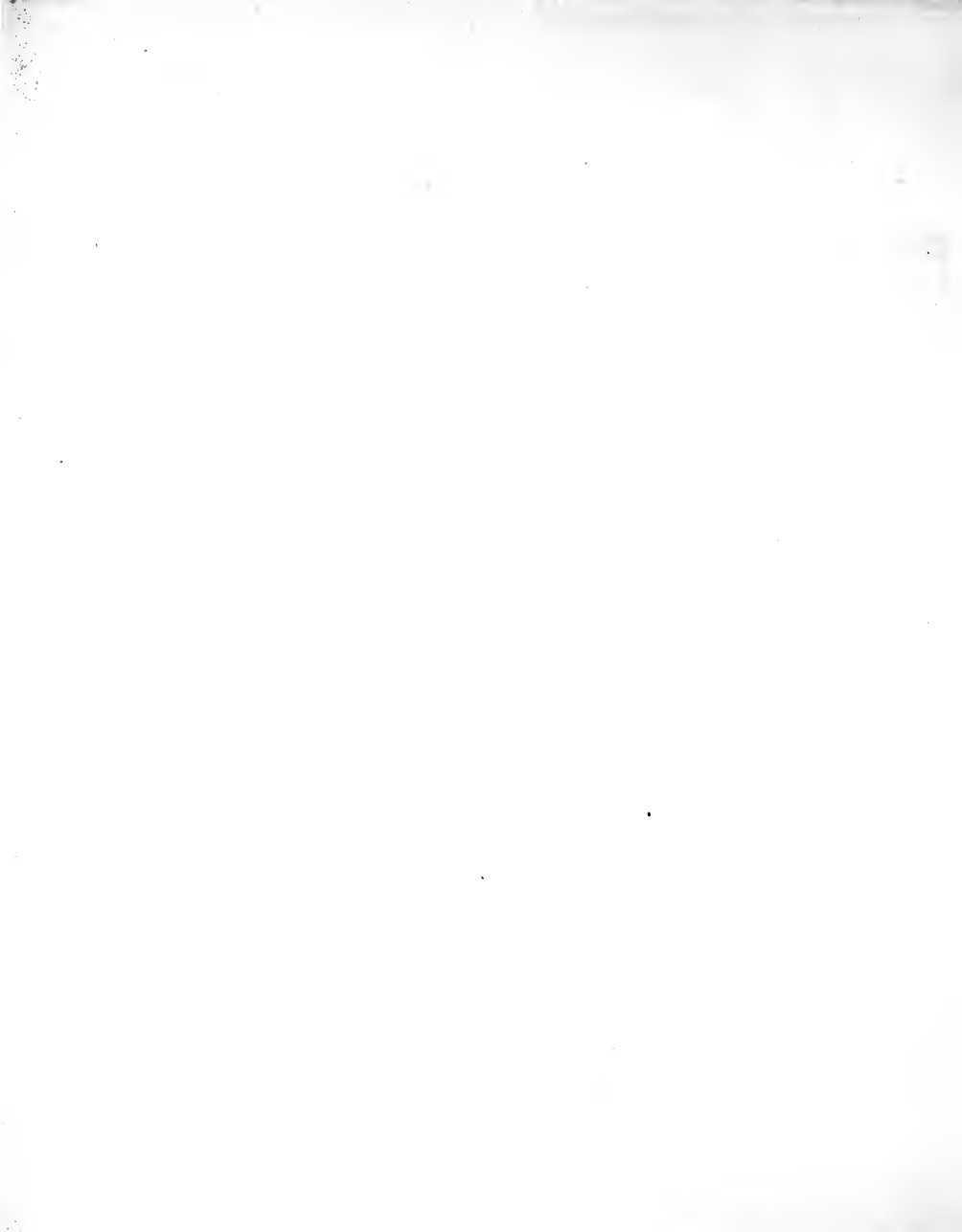
San Francisco,

1895

LOAN STACK

984
M 6/4/1
P. 1. #65432





PS2394
M36I6
1895

IN THE REDWOODS.

Stately and tall these giants of the West,
Stand like an army marshalled for the fray,
Where the great mountain's brow is daily blessed
By the *last* kiss of the departing day.





IN THE REDWOODS.

Rank after rank along the rocky ledge,
Up the steep heights with ceaseless march they climb,
Clinging undaunted to the rude cliff's edge,
Unchanged by seasons and untouched by time.



IN THE REDWOODS.

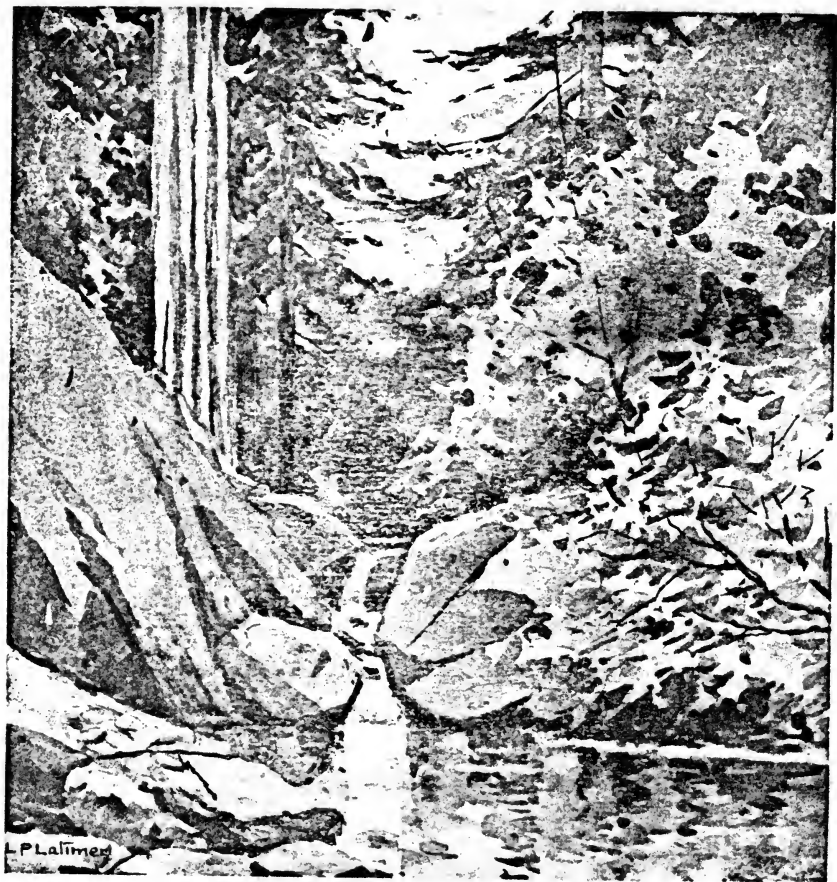
Here nature from her overflowing store
Pours forth her floral gifts with lavish hand,
Seeking with ceaseless largess to restore
The fading beauties of the *Sunset* Land.

Like elfin forests how the ferns uplift
Their curious fronds, and all around my way
The dainty maiden-hair clothes every rift
In bank and bluff. The sighing winds that stray

IN THE REDWOODS.

From the far ocean, touch with mute caress
The balsam-breathing branches overhead,
Whose fadeless foliage with deep shadow bless
The ever blooming vistas where I tread.

And here from duty's bonds a space set free,
Life's daily cares forgotten for the time,
I, happy wanderer, fancy that I see
The open portals of a fairy clime.



L. P. Lalimer

IN THE REDWOODS.

The clear sweet notes of bird-song far and near,
The thickets rustling to the breezes' swell,
The swift, light footsteps of the startled deer,
The sound of waters rippling through the dell,



IN THE REDWOODS.

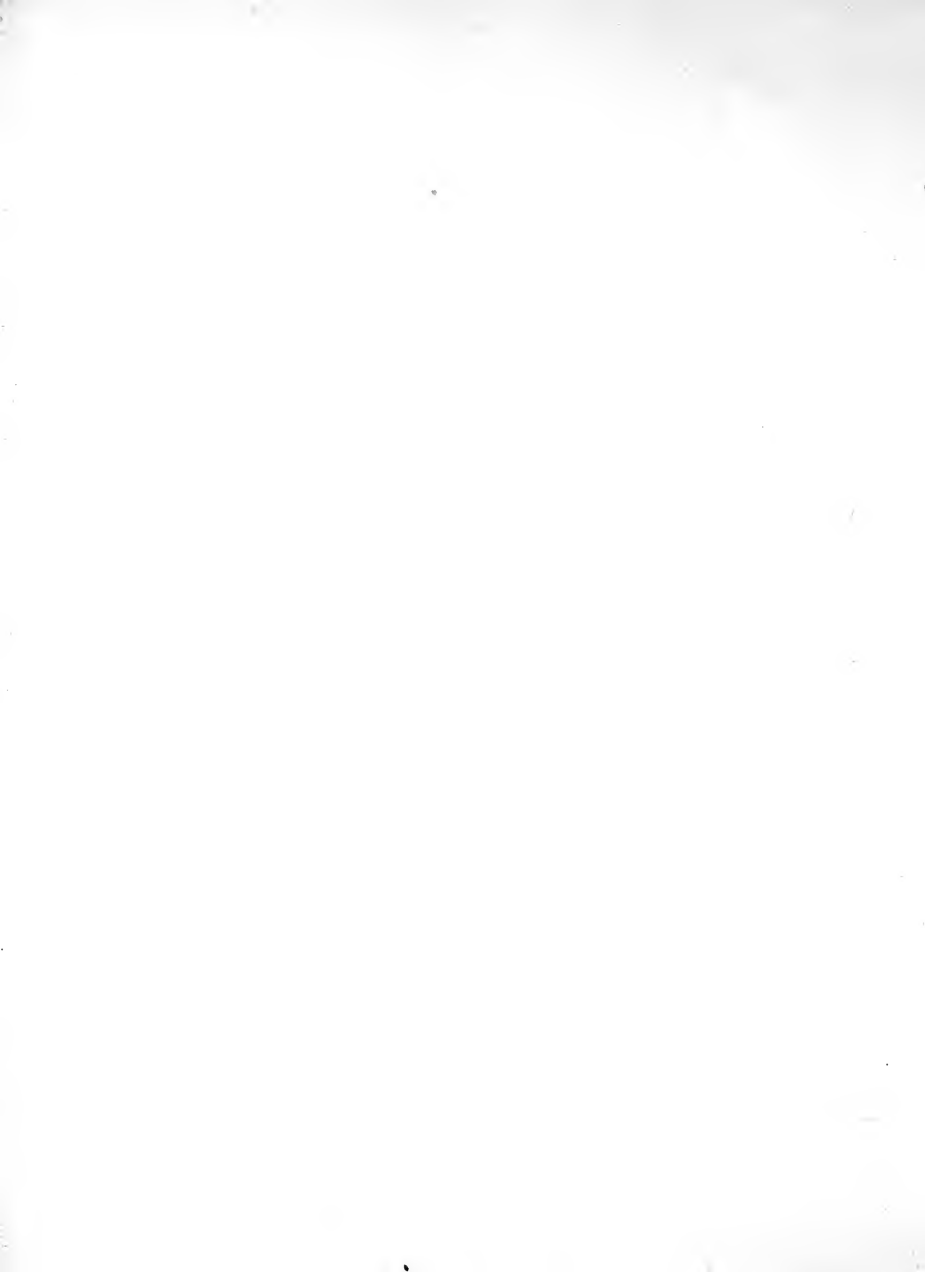
Scarce break the silence of these solitudes,
But,—like the notes of music in a dream,—
The blended voices of the solemn woods
Thrill through my being with a joy supreme.

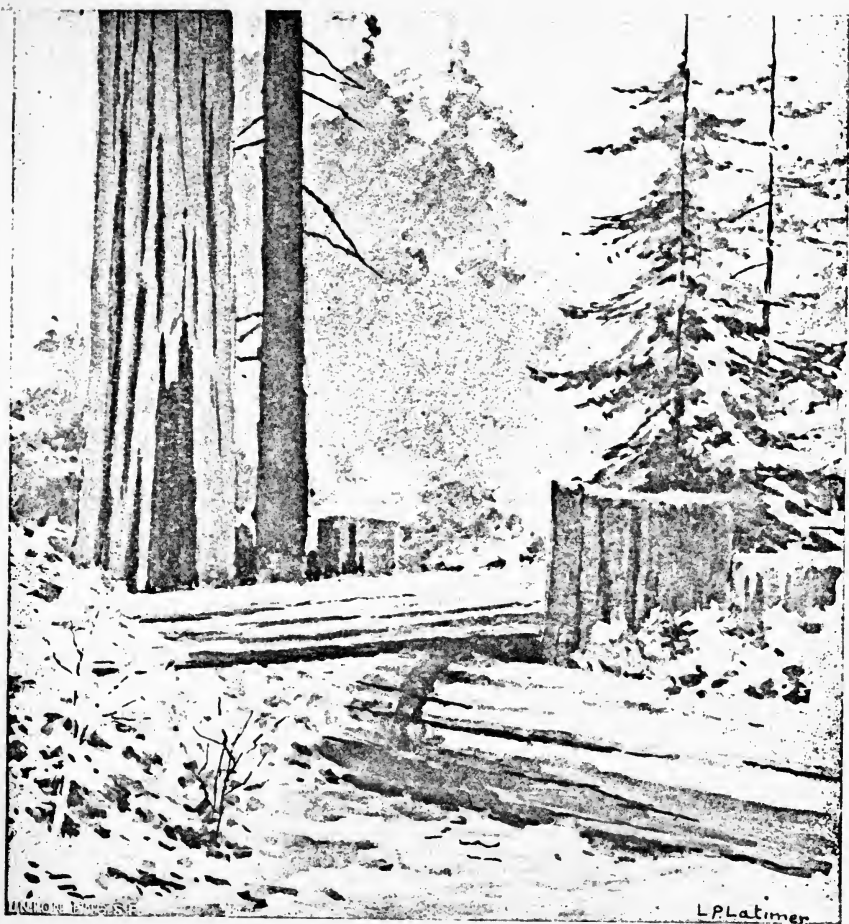
I linger, wrapped in bright Elysian dreams,
Soothed by the peaceful calm of these fair bowers,
Where brokenly the golden sunlight gleams,
And incense rises from uncounted flowers:

IN THE REDWOODS.

Till, as the grim Magician from his cave
Came forth with glittering wand in days of old,—
Looking upon these forests—monarchs brave,
A vision of the future I behold.







UNION LEAGUE

L. Platimer

IN THE REDWOODS.

Adown these aisles I mark the Wizard *Toil*,
Pass with his gleaming axe, beneath whose blows
The mighty offspring of the fertile soil,
Shall soon sore-smitten writhe in deadly throes,



IN THE REDWOODS.

Till severed, to the flower-strewn sod they fall,
Exiled from hence,—behold,—they rise again,
In humble cottage or in lofty hall,
By toil transformed to happy homes for men.

Or, fashioned by the patient worker's skill,
Cradle the babe the mother sings to sleep,
Or, in Death's silent chambers hold the *still*,
Cold forms of those *Love* yields to *Him* to keep.

IN THE REDWOODS.

Perchance yon spreading tree, whose red veins now
Are warm with nectar from the verdant sod,
May list the chanted hymn, the whispered vow,
Breathed in the Temple of the Living God.

Beaumont Library

The vision passes, still the shadows fall,
The glen untrampled smiles in peace serene,
The mighty guardians of the mountain wall,
Lift to the sun their banner's emerald sheen,

IN THE REDWOODS.

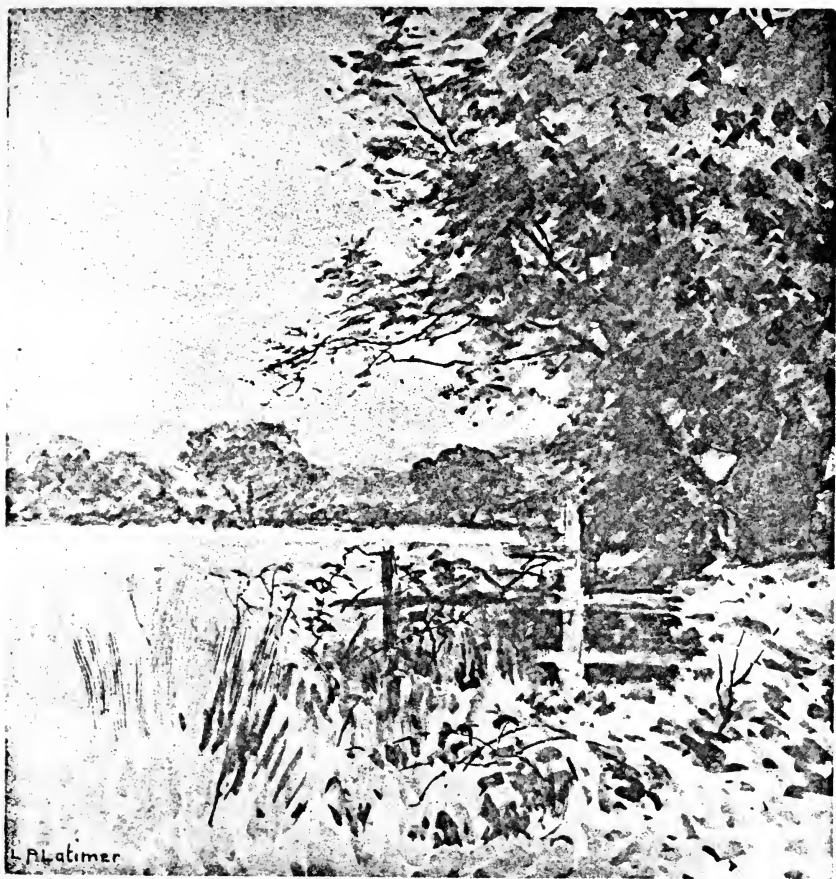
Music and fragrance on the balmy air,
The hum of bees, the quail's far-reaching call,
The awe that floods great Nature's house of prayer,
The wondrous feast of Joy She spreads for *all*,

Are mine in fullest measure, the dim woods
Unvail their hidden secrets to my gaze,
As to *thy* charms O sylvan solitudes!
I wreath with tender love my song of praise.

IN THE REDWOODS.

Towering monarch of our forest,
Giant Ruler great and grand,—
Sequoia Sempervivens!
Meetest symbol of our Land:

California! California!
This sunny land of ours
Binds our hearts in strange devotion
By her wealth of fragrant flowers:



IN THE REDWOODS.

By her vales of peace-crowned beauty,
By her sun-kissed dimpling hills,—
By her shady tangled moss-glades
Trembling to the zephyrs' trills:



IN THE REDWOODS.

Her stretch of vine-clad uplands,
And billowy tide of grain
That sweeps in undulations
Like Pacific's swelling main.

And by the pride, and hope, and glory
Of her crowning crown, and boast—
The evergreen Sequoias
Sturdy Redwoods of our Coast!







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